

Yuri  
Melnichuk

# JUDAS'S BREED

pamphlets



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**KIEV  
DNIPRO PUBLISHERS  
1978**

У2  
М48

Юрій Мельничук

ПОРІДДЯ ІУДИ

Памфлети

Translated from the Ukrainian  
by Gladys Evans, Victor Ruzhitsky  
and Oles Kovalenko

М  $\frac{70303-205}{M205(04)-78}$  Бз—11—16—78

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Published in the Ukrainian Soviet  
Socialist Republic, USSR

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## THE PEN

## AS A WEAPON

The well-known Ukrainian writer, political journalist and public figure, Yuri Melnichuk (1921—1963), began his literary career after the war. Back from the war fronts where his distinguished combat record won him numerous government decorations, the veteran took up the pen as a weapon to fight the enemies of the Soviet people.

His first articles, pamphlets and satires appeared in newspapers and magazines in the late 1940's. Some of them were soon brought together in separate collections. But it was in the 1950's that Yuri Melnichuk revealed his forceful literary talent in all its maturity. The decade saw the appearance of about ten of his books which earned their author wide recognition and had a considerable impact on the reading public. Among other things, he wrote and published a book of literary criticism and essays, *A Word about Writers*, and a number of introductions and afterwords to the creative writings of Ukrainian authors. Critical essays on the works of the Western Ukrainian writers Yaroslav Halan and Olexandr Havriliuk also belong to his pen. The essays on Havriliuk were later expanded into a thesis which was successfully defended and earned Melnichuk the degree of M. A. (Philol.) from the University of Lviv.

Melnichuk's style, manner, and approach to the subject reveal an affinity with the writings of the famous pamphleteer Yaroslav Halan. And it was only just and natural that he was among the first to be awarded the Halan Prize for Journalism. With every right he could have repeated the words of Halan: "I am a Ukrainian by nationality, an internationalist in conscience, and a Leninist in spirit." And as such, he continued Halan's work in exposing the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists.

Fearing their "own" people and its close unity with the working people of Russia, the Ukrainian-born bourgeois of

the type of Antonovich, Hrushevsky, Vinnichenko, Dontsov and the like of them, have long been looking for their saviors in the West. And indeed, there they repeatedly found certain forces prepared to help them carry out their crazy schemes. This was the case in 1918 when the nationalists first welcomed the Kaiser's troops in Ukraine and later were in no way unhappy over the Anglo-French intervention in the internal affairs of our country which had embarked on building a new life. This was also the case in 1919 when, with the nationalists outright blessing, bourgeois Poland occupied the western regions of Ukraine, bringing in its wake an unbearably despotic rule for more than twenty years. History repeated itself in 1941 when the nationalistic vampires enthusiastically greeted the nazi hordes tearing through Ukraine. But all their attempts at selling Ukraine wholesale or retail to foreign buyers invariably met with failure and, fearing revenge for the appalling crimes committed against their countrymen and feeling like aliens in the land which had bred them, the nationalists fled abroad where they now work for crumbs from the table of their new masters by mouthing anti-Soviet propaganda.

It was against these outcasts that Yuri Melnichuk directed most of his pamphlets published in such collections as *Answer to Slanderers*, *Judas's Breed*, *Slaves of the Yellow Devil*, *When Blood Chills in the Veins*, *Vampires*, *Tribe*, and *On a Foreign Doorstep*. The very titles of these collections reveal his way of thinking and his line of struggle.

Whatever he wrote was sustained by personal experience.

Yuri Melnichuk was born into the family of a poor peasant from the village of Mala Kamyanka near Kolomiya. Back in the years of his youth he had his personal encounters with the nationalist cutthroats. The young Communist learned to look through their veil of lies about allegedly fighting for "Mother Ukraine". After the war, his heart was filled with

agony when in many a town and village of Western Ukraine he stood beside opened mass graves or wells filled with the corpses of his countrymen who were victims of the terror of the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists). Near Rovno, in the village of Malin alone, these butchers burned some 900 Ukrainians and Czechs, threw 223 peasants into a well to die a slow death, and buried alive another nine innocent people.

Melnichuk's essays and pamphlets on this subject are all based on documented evidence and established facts. Actually, they comprise parts of a larger work describing the struggle waged by the working people in Western Ukraine, particularly in Volhynia and the Rovno region, for a new life, and giving exhaustive accounts of the barbarious means the nationalists resorted to in their bloody "campaign against Bolshevism."

Melnichuk's writings trace the geneology of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists — the "crossbreed from a sheep-fold overseas" and "Hitler's inkpot servitors," as he so aptly dubbed them. Denouncing the very essence of nationalism, he exposed the complete lack of political principles and the purely mercenary motivations of its apologists. Long before Hitler Germany attacked the USSR, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, then on the payroll of the Polish secret police, established close contacts with the nazis and their intelligence service. One of the chieftains of the so-called Ukrainian Military Organization (*Ukrainska viyskova orhanizatsiya*), later renamed OUN, was a German officer, Richard Jarri, before whom, as Melnichuk writes in *Judas's Breed*, even "Konovalets, Melnik and Bandera had to snap to attention."

These self-styled "patriots" of the Ukrainian people aped the principles of their nazi masters — divide and rule! The OUN thugs kept claiming that the Germans would guarantee the existence of an "independent United Ukraine". This was an empty myth, of course. The nazis never so much as consi-



dered any form of Ukrainian statehood. Melnichuk makes it clear that while enticing the nationalists with the lure of an "independent Ukraine," the Hitlerites were just using them as they pleased for their own ends. A year before nazi Germany overran the Soviet Union, Governor-General Hans Frank had instructed his subordinates: "The intent of forming a Great Ukraine must be resolutely dismissed. The enterprising Ukrainians may eventually be admitted to a state or county police force." This was a rather precise definition of the OUN's role in the coming war and of the "generous" reward for joining it on the side of the nazis.

In his pamphlets *Ulas Samchuk at Home and in Ukraine*, *Hitler's Inkpot Servitor*, and others, Melnichuk unmasks the venal and degenerate scribbler Ulas Samchuk. A cheap journalist hack and nothing more, Samchuk early became an out-cast and roamed several capitalist countries for years till he came to nazi Germany and was hired into the service of the nazis. In 1941 he trailed along with the nazi hangmen into Ukraine to help establish the "new order." In Rovno the nazis appointed him editor of the nationalist newspaper *Volyn*. This left Samchuk so puffed up with self-importance and gratitude to his masters that he could not please them enough. In his degenerate publication he went all out to glorify the Wehrmacht, extol the Führer and vilify the Ukrainian people. The very spirit of this lackey's existence was imbued with hatred of everything Soviet.

Melnichuk comments with wit and sarcasm on Samchuk's series of articles published in his paper under the title *In a World of Decay and Ruin*, in which the nazi penpusher heaped praises on the occupation regime in Ukraine.

In the heat of his burning love for the swastika, this werewolf was willing to lick the nazis' boots and put up with just about anything so long as his services were accepted. Riding a bus to Kiev, he and his "friend" Teliha stoically endured clouds of cigar smoke a German blew right at them. But when Samchuk heard a Slavic woman passenger speak

Russian, he fumed with rage. After his tour of Ukraine he gave vent to his anger in a large article.

But all of Samchuk's efforts to implant the "new order" in Ukraine proved futile. He himself admitted his failure to reeducate Soviet people in occupied territory.

In the pamphlet *On a Foreign Doorstep and Crossbreed from a Sheepfold Overseas*, Melnichuk draws the reader's attention to the fact that by purchasing the bourgeois nationalist outcasts, the Western European and American moneybags acquired a commodity of questionable quality with no market value. The nationalists have exposed themselves in action and deed, and people are no more likely to be impressed by the things they say than by the barking of a cringing cur.

In the pamphlet *On a Foreign Doorstep*, Melnichuk sarcastically comments on the ignominious death of Stepan Bandera, chieftain of the Ukrainian fascists. In a sharply satirical language the author tells how this hireling zealously served the nazis during and after the war, and what happened when he got uppity and started demanding more than he was getting. Later in his career, Bandera became expendable for he knew too much about his employers' doings during the German occupation of Ukraine, particularly those of Oberländer who had been the hangman-in-chief in Lviv. There they organized mass pogroms and the executions of thousands of Soviet people. When this information leaked out to the world public, Oberländer, who claimed high positions in the Adenauer government, got into a fix. Bandera thought he could use Oberländer's predicament to his own advantage and started blackmailing him, asking for more sops. Therefore, Oberländer's men put the OUN chieftain, quietly out of the way and that was the end of him.

Melnichuk displayed high polemic talent in his pamphlet *Crossbreed from a Sheepfold Overseas*. The pamphlet was written in response to the slanderous campaign unleashed by the nationalists after a number of progressive US

and Canadian tourists of Ukrainian origin had published objective accounts of their personal visits to the Soviet Union. With the appearance of these publications in the USA and Canada, the imperialist lackeys raised a hullabaloo, claiming that there was no truth in the stories. Ukrainians in the Soviet Union were impoverished, they insisted, national culture in Ukraine was nonexistent, Ukraine had no statehood, etc. The loudest howl raised in the campaign came from nationalistic papers *Ukrainian Voice* and *Ukrainian News* published in Canada. The *Ukrainian News*, for one, even carried an article in which an anonymous contributor went so far as to seriously assert that parcels received by Ukrainians from their relatives in Canada were essential for their physical survival.

Melnichuk's pamphlet makes mincemeat of all these nonsensical allegations. Each of the ridiculous charges receives an exhaustive rebuttal supported by factual evidence and undeniable proof. Melnichuk's arguments are overwhelmingly convincing when he contrasts the nationalistic fabrications with the true reality in Soviet Ukraine and the many remarkable achievements of her people.

Yuri Melnichuk served his nation in many capacities — as a soldier and writer, as editor-in-chief of the *Zhovten* (October) magazine and member of the Board of the Ukrainian Writers Union, as deputy to the USSR Supreme Soviet and member of state delegations to sessions of UNESCO and the UN General Assembly. The main value of his literary heritage lies in its social message. It calls on people of goodwill throughout the world to be vigilant against those who, expelled by their own people from the land of their fathers, are still wandering about the world's garbage heaps hatching crazy and dangerous schemes.

MIKOLA DUBINA

## JUDAS'S BREED

The loathsome creature  
called Ukrainian  
bourgeois nationalism  
has procreated many  
a filthy offspring

in our land. Inseminated by Austro-Hungarian monarchists, Russian White Guards, the Polish gentry and the German fascists, this creature has "whelped" the most varied "litters." You need only recall the UNR \*, the Directorate, the Hetmanate, and Petlyura's rule — all these multi-tribed nationalistic gangsters.

The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists really made the working people of Western Ukraine feel their heavy hand. Fleeing from the punishing arm of the Revolution, they encamped in Western Ukraine occupied then by bourgeois Poland and, jointly with the local home-grown mercenary trimmers, put up for sale the interests of the Ukrainian people. The poet-revolutionary Olexandr Havriliuk, castigating these nationalistic bankrupts

Who fled to Europe's garbage heaps  
To sell Ukraine out bargain-cheap.

\* UNR — *Ukraïnska narodna respublika* — Ukrainian People's Republic — a counterrevolutionary government of the Ukrainian bourgeoisie, landowners and rich peasantry who opposed the development of the socialist revolution in Ukraine and the international unity of the Ukrainian people with the Russian and other fraternal peoples of the Land of Soviets.

The cherished dream they nursed for gain —  
Loose foreign hordes upon Ukraine  
To crush the working people's rule  
Beneath their jackboots hard and cruel,

pondered with a heavy heart over the fate  
of Western Ukraine who was made to endure  
three misfortunes:

Look now, my lovely Western Ukraine,  
Koblenz of all is back again —  
Hostile and alien which connives  
To sharpen its vicious knives!  
While you, poor dear, threefold at bay,  
Must fight your own *Pan-popinjays*,  
Those who crossed the Dnieper to your  
domains,

And base invaders. Eh, Western Ukraine,  
In such embrace what guarantee  
You keep intact virginity?

While preparing for war against the Soviet Union, the German fascists associated with all groups of shady characters, winning over to their side counterrevolutionary scum of every hue. The fascists were well acquainted with the geneology of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism which had long been a reliable hireling of German imperialism. It was not for nothing that a German officer, Richard Jarri, was one of the leaders of the UVO (*Ukrainska viyskova orhanizatsiya* — Ukrainian Military Organization) and later of the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists). Why, even Konovalets, Melnik and Bandera had to snap to attention before this man! It was,

therefore, impossible to doubt that the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists would follow Hitler blindly.

However, fascism is fascism: betrayal, crime, intrigue, treachery and misanthropy make up its bread of life, the air without which it cannot exist. Chumming up with the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, the fascists decided to get them quarreling among themselves to make it easier to keep them on a strong lash and to pay less for their services. Squabbles broke out among the nationalists over posts and privileges in the "Ukrainian state" the fascists had promised to set up; while in German government circles they were laughed at as naive traitors, and prepared for the role of hirelings and nothing else.

One year before the Hitlerite hordes attacked the Soviet Union, Governor-General Hans Frank gave the following instructions to his subordinates: "The intent to form a Great Ukraine must be resolutely dismissed. The enterprising Ukrainians may eventually be admitted to a state or county police force." This was a fairly clear-cut definition of the role meant for the "traitors" in the coming war and of what their reward would be for joining it on the side of the Germans. However, the bourgeois nationalistic "blindworms" took it for a joke on the part of their "guardian." In the meanwhile, the Hitlerites were busy making strong "dog collars" and drawing up rules of conduct for the nationalist traitors. At a secret meeting of German

government officials, Capt. Herollis of the German Counter Intelligence stated: "Policy in regard to Ukraine, from the viewpoint of Counter Intelligence, must be carried out only under German leadership and in the interests of Germans. The unification of all Ukrainian groups into one national union cannot be tolerated: negotiations should be carried out with separate groups." Enticing the OUNites to follow them by using the slogan of an "independent Ukraine," the Hitlerites gave them a pig in a poke and made use of them as only such traitors can be used whose characters tend to treachery and are far from squeamish.

During the German fascist occupation of Ukraine, the OUNites strove to portray themselves as "fighters" for a "United Ukraine," as a "force" that the German fascists had to reckon with, and so on and so forth. They do the same now in their hideouts in America, England and West Germany. Well, let them boast. For, like frogs in a swamp, they can do nothing else but croak away in different keys. Such is a frog's lot in a swamp. However, if you open the diary of Hitler's "right hand" — Hans Frank whom the OUNites idolized — you will read the following: "We are convinced that in the opinion of many Ukrainians (nationalist reprobates is meant — Y. M.) the Generalgouvernement is only one of several instruments by which Fortune has chosen

to give them back a Great Ukraine. We cannot agree with this... Keep on the best of terms with the Ukrainians, but always observe the necessary distance. In ceremonial speeches to Ukrainians, avoid the phrase 'Great Ukraine' and so on. I warn you against the regular display of Ukrainian national banners and against too frequently letting Ukrainians act as representatives of their own state during parades. The Ukrainians are citizens of the Great German Reich if they live in German territories. However, they are not representatives of Great Ukraine on German soil."

After reading that, it is quite easy to figure out "what" the OUNites were to the German fascists. Traitors they were — as the sacred historical truth shows — traitors to their people, mercenary lackeys, spineless eunuchs, watchdogs of Hitlerism. If the German fascists sometimes made overtures to them, giving them a pat or two on the head and saying "give me your paw," they were simply using the methods of an animal tamer who always has the whip to fall back on and a shout of command.

Under the caresses of German fascism, Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism gave birth to several kinds of offspring. Although a year previous to World War Two the OUN was divided into Melnikites and Banderites who served Hitler faithfully in their own ways, during the war years another



nationalist breed appeared on the scene — the Bulba faction. With Hitler's blessing, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist sheepfold was divided into three sections, each having its own leaders, chieftains, theoreticians and individual methods of trying to bite the heads off the others while toadying to the Germans.

Through all three sections — Bandera's, Bulba's and Melnik's — ran a common feeding trough filled by one and the same master: German fascism. However, the inmates of each section claimed special privileges, and had their own tasks and plans which nothing would stop them from carrying out even if they had to commit the most brutal of crimes. And while the Ukrainian people were fighting the fascist invaders, the Bandera, Bulba and Melnik factions argued over which of the three was the most deserving to govern Ukraine jointly with the Germans. To curry favor with the occupation authorities, they tried to outdo each other in committing brutal crimes against the Ukrainian people, and in being slavishly obedient to the German fascists.

Today, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists (naturally, their ranks have thinned since they served the German nazis, for many of their followers saw through the mercenary policy of their leaders and broke away from the lunatic nationalist-fascist ideas to take the true path of serving their people) have gone to work for American

imperialism. Incidentally, the Americans treat them no better than the Germans once did, and use them for identical aims. As before, there are three nationalist sections and in each prevails the former atmosphere of envy, boot-licking and quarreling — though they eat the swill from a common trough, now American, and act under one and the same whip. Every man of common sense knows that the American imperialists will never be boon companions of these nationalistic "bastards" and that they use the OUNites only as propaganda spielers, spies, saboteurs and hirelings who can be ordered about as they please.

At least this is clear to everybody except the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists — and their tragedy lies precisely in this blind stupidity.

Lately, in their own press, the OUNites have been doing their utmost to whitewash the black shame of their past as menials of German fascism, and to cover up the crimes they committed jointly with the fascists against the Ukrainian people. But their attempts are useless. Our people recognize and expose these nationalist liars at the first word. And no so-called "historians" or "politicians" or "publicists" will ever manage to conceal or redress one wrong committed by the OUNites who for years maintained ties of loyalty with the German fascists and left their tracks behind them in Ukraine — the shedding of inno-

cent people's blood, ruins and unforgivable crimes.

By selling themselves to German fascism and now to American imperialism, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists have become outlaws of the Ukrainian nation. They have proved that they are degenerated janizaries who can bring only grief to Ukraine and to the Ukrainian people.

1957

## WELL OF DEATH

The nationalistic writer,  
archmenial eulogist of Hitler  
and fascism, Ulas Samchuk,  
hails from Derman. He  
surrendered to Hitler body  
and soul, all but his feet

which he needed for escaping abroad. Elsewhere we'll speak of the fascist Samchuk in greater detail, but here he comes in only in connection with the article *Travel Through May*, which the aforementioned Hitlerite wrote on the second visit he made to Derman during the German occupation. The trip took place some time in late May 1942, for on June 4 of the same year Samchuk published the article in the fascist newspaper *Volyn* which came out under his editorship in Rovno in the Ukrainian-German language.

So, in this article, Samchuk "as a representative" of the Aryan elite questioned the ability of an ordinary man to fully appreciate the landscape of Derman. He wrote:

"Heaven help you, man, if you are not an artist, a poet, or, at least, an ordinary amateur photographer with some Kodak strung over your shoulder."

I was going to Derman in the company of poet Dmitro Pavlichko and a professional photographer, and we were quite capable of appreciating the surrounding beauty both esthetically and photographically. Pavlichko is a native of the

Carpathians, I come from Precarpathia. After all, nature endowed our parts with plenty of beauty, so we could be quite objective judges of the beautiful.

There are seven approaches to Derman and on each of these, either where the road turns toward the village or at the village boundary, stand tall wooden crosses. People used to stop here and cross themselves, pray, or just rest. But during the years when Derman became the refuge of the Banderites, these crosses were abhorred and avoided. For nearby the bandits placed their outposts. They tied travelers to the crosses, beat them, tortured and hanged them. The crosses were transformed into gallows!

We learned all this from our driver Mikola, a local resident who helped fight the Banderites in those days.

The car climbed to the top of a hill, and we saw Derman spread before us.

The landscape undulates in higher and lower hills and further ahead there are low mountains. The first thing to catch your eyes are the hills dominated by the buildings of a monastery and a brightly painted parish church. On the slopes to your left is a graveyard with densely planted crosses and a church standing in the middle. The hills screen a very large part of the village, but they made a great psychological impact on churchgoers coming from Mizoch. Well, there was

actually nothing extraordinary about these hills, but when from behind them a forest of crosses suddenly appeared before the eyes of a pilgrim it must have been an awesome sight to behold.

On the way Mikola showed us a mill and some other buildings the Banderites had burnt down. He told us how the bandits were smoked out of their foxholes like badgers, which villagers sided with the Banderites, and what kind of people they were.

Near the monastery we turned to the right and descended a steep narrow track running to a few silvery reaches of the River Ustya which flows past for a short stretch before spilling into the Horin.

Then we drove uphill again and went along a canyon with a very suggestive name — Propastishche \*. It seemed we had reached the outskirts of the village. But no — from behind another hill there appeared a large and densely developed part of the village. Then we went down a ravine sandwiched between slopes broken by brownish washouts and treeless hills with clay pits here and there. Then uphill again into yet another part of the village. It was hard to believe that one village could be so scattered and so varied and that people had managed to adapt

\* From the Ukrainian *propasti* — to perish.

so perfectly to the conditions nature had placed them in.

Thus we reached Nahoryanshchina, a neighborhood in Derman, where 16 bodies of people murdered by the Banderites had been found in a well. We went to the well, which for more convenient and common use was sunk at the crossing of three roads, and asked about the whole story. More and more people gathered around us, and each added something of his own to what proved a sad and tragic picture.

On the hilly farmsteads of Derman, water was always scarce. To sink a well in this place was by far more difficult than, say, building a house. Water lies very deep in these parts, and sinking a well involves not only complicated work and large costs, but often the risk of expenditures all for nothing. That is why wells were sunk jointly by a large group of farmers or even by a whole neighborhood.

The well in question was also sunk through joint efforts. People had been using it for decades till one morning in the autumn of 1943 a bucket lowered into the well hit something solid below and came up empty. The well seemed dry. People hoped it was a temporary matter, but no water appeared and they started using another well, hauling water over a long distance.

Then rumors spread that the well had been filled with human bodies. It all started when

Nadia Shulyak — whose brothers were in the SB (*Sluzhba bezpeki* — Security Service) bands and by the nature of their service killed people whom the Banderites regarded as undesirable — told Olena Lys that her husband Andriy had been tortured to death by the Banderites and thrown into the well. Olena grieved and bewailed his death, but could not check on the gossip: the well was sixty meters deep.

Before the last elections to the local Soviets of Working People's Deputies, when a deputy to the District Soviet was reporting to the villagers, he was asked to have the Village Soviet and corresponding District organizations help clean the well. For this purpose a special team skilled at the job was set up.

For three days bucketfuls of stone, brick, clay and scraps of iron were hauled out of the well, and on the fourth day they came upon human bones. Up went loads of human remains. The news spread through the village and hundreds of people gathered by the well. Mizoch and Rovno were notified about the event. A team of forensic medicine experts arrived in the village.

One of the first bodies taken out of the well was recognized by Olena Lys as that of her husband Andriy. She identified him by the shreds of a woolen sweater she herself had knitted. Nadia Halaburd found the body of her sister Maria Halaburd whom the Banderites had taken away



from home late in 1945 soon after they had killed her husband, a Soviet activist. Olena Kiriliuk recognized her brother Olexandr's wife Maria. The other bodies were identified as those of Afanasiy Stashchuk and seventy-year-old Paraska Ryabchenko.

For three days human remains were brought up from the well, and all the time more and more people arrived. By remnants of clothing, false teeth, women's adornments and personal belongings well-known to relatives and neighbors, the people of Derman identified their fellow villagers. It was a horrible sight, for up came skulls pierced with spikes from temple to temple or with rusty harrow teeth driven deep into them, shattered with an ax or with numerous fractures, with nooses and women's braids twisted round necks. There were arm and leg bones bearing loops of twisted wire — one of the Banderites' favorite ways of torturing their victims. From the children's bones, experts established that the tortured included children under the age of ten.

It took a whole week to clean the well. At the bottom the sky was reflected in a blue patch of water which nobody would ever drink again. Around the well several hundred kilograms of clay and stone were heaped up. A log of the broken well frame hung down loose, the windlass was bent in a grotesque way: the well defiled by the Banderites seemed to drop its hands in

sorrow as if trying to tell the people it was not to blame that it could no longer serve them. Or perhaps the water shining at the bottom of the well was a pool of human tears?

Butchers, hangmen! Scum and castaways! From this well people once drank cool water, here they refreshed themselves during work, washed their toil-hardened hands and their eyes, bathed the children. And you, you monsters, filled it with corpses! You became so possessed in your criminal trade of banditry that you turned even wells into graves. Can such brutal criminals be forgiven? No, the people will never forgive you and never forget your crimes!

We bade farewell to the people, realizing that we had joined them in drinking from the well the cup of burning hatred against the nationalist fratricides. More than one generation of these villagers will drink this cup of hatred.

On our way out, we stopped again on a high hill to take in Derman — a large and beautiful village. Even though it was March and not May when Samchuk was here, we could just as vividly imagine the wonderful beauty of Derman's orchards in their spring blossom, the flowery green attire of the mountains and hills rolling in fanciful waves, the winding ravines, the bluish-green stretches of woodland. Our appreciation of the Derman landscape was genuine and all encompassing.

But is Ulas Samchuk, and people like him, capable of realizing the whole profundity of the tragedy in Derman? They are blinded by their hatred of the Ukrainian people, they are traitors to Ukraine and responsible for the wells of death in our land.

1957

## HITLER'S INKPOT SERVITOR

There's nothing better in  
the whole world than  
your homeland, your home,  
sweet home. Man's feelings  
toward his motherland,  
his people and his  
home are sacred. Talking

with people who have been away from their country for a long period of time, or reading their recollections and letters, you feel what inconsolable grief always nagged their hearts, how they pined away and suffered, how ardently they loved their country, longing to return home for good. For this is one of the deepest of human feelings: a man's heart turns toward his homeland and people as a plant reaches for the sun.

"Those who do not love their native land are poor cripples in spirit, petty in their deeds," wrote Taras Shevchenko in his drama *Nikita Haidai*.

However, such cripples in spirit of Ukrainian extraction are not yet extinct in this world of ours.

Ulas Samchuk hails from the village of Derman in Rovno Region. His father, though not a rich man, managed to send him to a *Gymnasium*. Ulas was told that if he did well he would become a gentleman, and this idea never left him from his boyhood years. At school he kept aloof from the poor and tried to mix with the rich.

Though he didn't manage to make friends with them, he aped their manners and looked haughtily down upon the "rabble." Later, when he moved to town, he picked up narrow-minded and servile habits and began putting on airs.

And when Ulas discovered that he had a bent for writing, he was ready to burst with pride. His first successful debut in literature fed the egoism of this self-appointed claimant for room at the top and crystallized his ideal of living in style. This was Ulas Samchuk's foremost ambition.

His first novelettes as well as his novel *The Kulak*, which the *Literaturno-naukovy visnik* (Literary Scientific Herald) began publishing, made Samchuk realize that to further his career he would have to tailor his writings to the liking of the "powers that be." Thus Ulas Samchuk, a "gentleman" of peasant origin, became an eulogist of the *kurkuls*\*, a literary and political hack of the bourgeois Polish occupation authorities.

Samchuk lived in Poland, in Czechoslovakia and in Germany, which, as the Zaporozhian Cossacks would have said, was quite enough to turn him into a paynim. He vilified Ukraine to his heart's content, wherever he could and however he could.

\* *kurkul* — Ukrainian equivalent of kulak.

It was not out of love for his homeland or family that brought Samchuk back to Ukraine in 1941. He came to Ukraine with the German troops as guide, interpreter, adviser, friend and hireling. He brought with him from abroad a deep hatred of Ukraine and everything her people had created and achieved. Ulas Samchuk came to Ukraine as a conqueror and enemy. His "home" was somewhere back there, in the Generalgouvernement in Berlin, Munich, Vienna or Paris. In Ukraine he was a vagrant who had come with the Hitlerites to establish the "new order," to destroy what was built and to kill the living so as to ensure the victory of the fascist vandals.

## **HITLER'S EULOGIST**

Instead of an executioner's ax, the nazis put pen and paper into Ulas Samchuk's hands and he became Hitler's biographer, a hack of the anything-you-say type. It's amazing how he developed such a love for the Führer, but he really got a crush on him. No sooner would Hitler give a bark, than Ulas was already scribbling away his panegyric.

The newspaper *Volyn*, which Ulas Samchuk edited, came out on September 14, 1941, with his article *Adolf Hitler* replacing the editorial. I have read many of Samchuk's writings. I've talked to

his classmates, neighbors and acquaintances. But I never found, nor heard anybody say that he ever wrote or spoke about his own father with the same respect, love and pride, or with the religious piety, that he wrote and spoke about Hitler. For Samchuk, the degenerate and criminal Hitler was a man of genius, a Jesus Christ, messiah, superman, godsend and savior.

Samchuk's wishful thinking led him to declare that Hitler made the whole world tremble, that the days of the Soviet Union were numbered, that Hitler was the symbol of Germany, while Germany was the symbol of a new world and its future. Fearing that the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists might not yield the palm in their treacherous service to Hitler, he reminded them that their first and foremost duty was to "give effective support to this (nazi, of course — Y. M.) army so that it realize its set objects." Samchuk gave up writing novelettes, stories, novels; he didn't care a pin for fiction or for anything in the world with one exception: the interests of nazi Germany and the successes of its armed hordes. He gave better and faster coverage of the war events than did the experienced war correspondents of German newspapers. He made analyses, summaries, conclusions, forecasts, knowing "neither sleep nor rest," printing his articles practically in every issue, calling on the readers to redouble their efforts for the benefit of the Germans.

"We continue our struggle shoulder to shoulder with the German soldier, be it at the front-line or on the numerous fronts at home," Samchuk shrieked hysterically in his article *The War*. "We are engaged body and soul. We have placed hundreds of thousands of human lives on the altar of this Moloch. We are bearing the heavy burden of war-time economy. Lastly, we are engaged politically, since we are included in the political system established by the German people and, therefore, for us there is no retreat. We have burned our bridges and must not even wish for this retreat. We must march on with the German people, with its system and its ideals which stand firm and unyielding before our moral vision."

Well, that's what Samchuk was really like: for, perhaps, some people might think of him only as the author of the *kurkul* chronicle *Volyn* or the novel *Maria* which is full of outrageous slander against the Soviet people. No, he was far from that: Ulas Samchuk was a convinced and rabid fascist, a political and philosophical preceptor of the Ukrainian nationalists. Just look what a vast program he unfolded before his nationalistic tribesmen and what an iron grip he had on those who were naive enough to fall into the fascist snare. Such a strategist and inkpot servitor was a really remarkable acquisition for the Hitlerites.



In his articles Samchuk evinced exceptional versatility. He was a leader and a drummer, a threatening snake and a sweet tempter.

"Our place is on the side of the leading force which is the German people. This place is final and inevitable," he drums away in his article *The Requirement Of Forceful Times*. And then, posing as a missionary from the brotherhood of the Tender Heart of Jesus, he continues: "It is rather our bounden duty than our obligation to understand the struggle of the German people. To help top it off with victory, no matter how the situation might change, is our immediate task."

"We must regard in a positive light all the phenomena related to wartime," Ulas goes on, hissing like a snake in an attempt to intimidate the peasants who were sabotaging the instructions of the occupation authorities.

In justifying their failures in the occupied territories to their superiors, the officials of the Generalgouvernement advanced the version that the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists had allegedly "reduced their initiative" in assisting the German authorities. This, of course, was a lie, for the nationalists turned themselves inside out to please the fascists. But a scowl from an official was enough to get Samchuk going at once. In his article pathetically entitled *We Must Endure!* he instructs the nationalistic leeches:

"We must always remember that the defeat of the forces, on whose side of the barricades history has placed us with, will be our defeat as well, a defeat of such dimensions that it will be tantamount to the destruction of our national entity. Evidently, such a prospect is far from being attractive; and so long as the blood pulses in our veins, so long as we have our wits about us we must spare no effort to avoid such an outcome."

By all reasoning, Samchuk should have been called to account by his party for turning face up the cards of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, since he revealed in his articles that the nationalists were harnessed to Hitler's chariot and had taken a hand in all the fascist crimes with open eyes. But Samchuk wasn't afraid of being reprimanded. Samchuk was Hitler's biographer, and that was something not every fascist or nationalistic scribbler could boast of.

Ulas Samchuk entered the year of 1942 with a heavy nazi step, with Hitler in his heart and Hitler's name on his lips. This is how he ended his New Year article:

"We give our support and convey our sincere feelings to the mighty army of Adolf Hitler. With this motto for the coming new year we will advance in battle, with labor and faith" (and here I venture to finish his sentence) — right up to the grave and the scrap heap.

That's exactly the path taken by German fascism headed by its Führer who was also Samchuk's. This path was taken also by many of those whom Samchuk persuaded to remain loyal to Hitler to the end. The fleet-footed Ulas, however, dodged his grave and beat it across the ocean.

## EDITOR — US

That's how Ulas Samchuk signed the materials for printing in the newspaper *Volyn*. He edited the paper from the first day of its existence, and, it must be admitted, he was its lodestar and its soul. Traitorous souls, though, were few and far between and Samchuk had to labor with genuine devotion.

You should have seen how much love he put into the first issue of the *Volyn*! On the front page there was a large portrait of Hitler with a correspondingly servile caption, and to the right of it, a full-length editorial *For A Courageous Reality* signed by Ulas Samchuk. The paper also informed the whole nationalistic caboodle that the issue (of September 1, 1941) was specially dedicated to the second anniversary of the "declaration of the crusade for a better future and just order on our continent." The second page carried the article *Conquering Towns* which promoted ideas of looting and which Samchuk, out of modesty, signed with his cryptic US. At the

bottom there was a photo showing Samchuk and Stepan Skrypnyk visiting the place in Derman, where the house of Samchuk's father used to stand. In case you would like to know which of the two was Samchuk, look at the gnarled and stumpy one, who is a bit like Hitler. That's Ulas Samchuk. The other gentleman, hands in his pockets, is Stepan Skrypnyk. He is seen talking to a peasant standing between them, frightened and embarrassed.

The newborn fascist smut paper, along with a slavish petition, was sent by special delivery to the Führer at his Berlin headquarters. Another copy went to the Reichsminister for the Eastern occupied territories, Reichsleiter Alfred Rosenberg. Berlin made no response to the printed masterpiece of the nationalistic pygmies. Still, the German occupation authorities in Rovno praised Samchuk, saying it was *gut* and that he was doing a wonderful job. This praise lent wings to Samchuk's efforts.

Here and there, counterrevolutionary riffraff crept out of their holes, volunteering to contribute to the *Volyn*. Parcels with boring, nauseating stuff and crude writings by graphomaniacs addressed to the "Honorable Ulas Samchuk, Editor...," began coming in to his office in Rovno.

A *kurkul's* son from Kirovograd Region, Ryabko, boasted that although in Soviet times he

gained the profession of a teacher and worked in a school, he had decided to serve the fascist invaders and asked the "dear editor" to publish his articles and sign them Ivan Ukraïnets instead of Ryabko (for some people might say that even a certain Ryabko \* barks at the Soviet people.

"Beloved Führer, we've been expecting the day of your coming as we do the Sun," wrote some crackpot from Proskuriv, also screening himself with a pen-name. Samchuk was happy — our numbers were growing, so to say. He answered them personally, gave them his advice and encouraged their further "contributions." "Editor US" sanctioned the publication of the kind of "masterpieces" that indicated the authors were in need of immediate isolation due to unmistakable signs of mental illness. As an example I'll quote just four lines of a "masterpiece" by one of these publically dangerous "literati":

Germany, I am proud of your name,  
Of your leaders and your sons divine,  
Whose jackboots trample Europe with fame.  
Accept, Oh people, this hymn of mine.

Samchuk was overwhelmed by this ode to the fascist barbarians and misanthropes. He even envied the half-witted nazi bastard, and decided

\* One of the most common Ukrainian names given to spotted dogs.

to make his own contribution, somehow, to the glorification of nazi Germany, so as not — God forbid — to be outdone by other traitors. Quoting Hitler's own words about the superiority of the German race, Samchuk wrote in his article *Thus It Was — Thus It Will Be*, that in the course of the war against the USSR and the European countries, German fascism "crossed an inexhaustible river of blood of the most primitive nationalities." To please the invaders, Samchuk doesn't forget to debase the Ukrainian people ("our people are not as highly civilized as the Germans"), and begs Hitler not to loosen Ukraine from the grasp of his gory paws, for she may prove a "suitable vitamin" for the nazi new order.

### **A CARP AS BIG AS ... A BULL**

Ulas Samchuk could not but feel the ever growing enmity and hostility of the people toward the nazi invaders and Ukrainian nationalists. The writing on the wall stood out sharper than ever — clearly the intruders' domination over the Ukrainian land was coming to an end. And simultaneously, the end of Samchuk's uninvited stay was also approaching. That is why he began traveling extensively.

Not to be petty, we will leave aside the unclarified question as to whether or not his trips were always connected with Gestapo assignments

or what errands he performed, though, frankly speaking, Samchuk was a practical sort and knew how to combine his creative pursuits with the interests of the German fascists.

One summer in 1942 Samchuk made a stopover at the village of Serhiivka in Volhynia. It was Sunday and he went to the church, but the worshippers met the unknown gentleman rather guardedly. He felt awkward even after the service was over (as he personally confessed in his travel notes). The people left the church, stopped some distance away and exchanged whispers, children pointed their fingers at him, but nobody greeted him. There were no speeches of welcome, no invitations. Nor did the situation improve when Samchuk's cronies approached with a few schoolteachers and explained to the priest and a few peasants that the gentleman honoring them with a visit was none other than the editor in person of the nazi newspaper *Volyn*. But the people knew what stuff the *Volyn* published and what dirty work it was engaged in, so nobody displayed a desire to make friends with its editor. One of the teachers sent some children for flowers, intending to present them to the unwelcome visitor and thus part with him amicably. However, the children never returned and Ulas had to do without flowers.

Meanwhile, it dawned on somebody to report the arrival of the nazi big shot to Herr Bayer,

apparently a German colonist who had a large estate in Serhiivka where he exploited the peasants and bred fish. He invited Samchuk for refreshment and saved the situation, or at least neutralized it, for Samchuk was beginning to simmer with mad rage. Samchuk was shown around Bayer's model farm; he ate and drank what he was served, and listened to what was said. But in his article *The Country And The Heart Will Be At Peace* (in this title one feels the opposition of the country to the heart's peace. Consequently, it was at Bayer's that his heart found peace. As to the village and the unfriendly peasants — oh well, damn them all, it wasn't the first time he'd met that sort of thing) Samchuk was reluctant to acquaint the reader with all the speeches made at Bayer's table. Whether this was because they were not in Ukrainian, or because they didn't exist at all, is pretty hard to say. Apparently, Bayer knew some Ukrainian and liked to propose toasts. He said (I quote Samchuk):

"Dear Sir... I never met you before... But people read your articles... I have a small gift for you... I could think of nothing better than this carp!... (Samchuk must have had good reason for putting in so many dots. Bayer had been either stammering or drunk).

Samchuk was deeply moved by the speech but, unlike Bayer, he spoke distinctly:

"A wonderful carp! As big as ... a bull. Herr



Bayer, I can't thank you enough. Really, I'm extremely grateful."

This reminds me of a funny story about a certain dolt of the Bayer type who wanted to flaunt his connections with the literary world and invited a rather popular author to his home. Proposing a toast to his famous guest, the master of the house said approximately the following:

"My highly esteemed guest, your arrival and presence in this modest home is a great honor to me and my family, and we won't forget it to the end of time. Dear friends and neighbors," he continued, addressing those present. "I propose a toast to the health and creative successes of this most outstanding author, who is well known to young and old. His writings are our daily bread and air, his books our manuals. So let us drink to the health of this adornment to our letters, to our friend, to our dear and beloved, ... to ... to ... to ... what is your name, sir?"

The story of Samchuk's visit to Serhiivka was very much the same, only with a far more humorous end. Bayer presented Samchuk with the carp in midsummer, in July, when such a gift made it imperative to beat it home as fast as possible. To get rid of a guest who has been forced on you, the way Bayer did — this is a new high in the joke book.

Samchuk's phrase "a carp as big as a bull" also sounds symbolic. For him, a bull symbolized obligation, something that was so near and dear to Samchuk. He strained with a bull's strength to pull the burden of the nazi service. His people's resistance to Hitler made him rage like a mad bull.

Samchuk left Bayer's home long before dark. He had no faith in the Volhynian countryside and its inhabitants, especially at night.

On top of that, he had to get the carp home before it began to smell. The very carp that was as big as ... a bull.

## THE MONGOL HITS THE ROAD

In his wonderful poem *To The Dead, To The Living, And To Those Yet Unborn, To My Countrymen All Who Live In Ukraine And Outside Ukraine, My Friendly Epistle*, Taras Shevchenko exposed the real face of cosmopolitans, nationalist nihilists and ignoramuses, who followed only foreign tastes and submitted only to foreign influences. Just imagine you see before you something limp, spineless and polished, a wishy-washy with helpless bulging eyes, shifting nervously and utterly unable to explain who it is or why it exists.

"All right, brother,  
Who are you then?"  
"I do not know —

We'll let the Germans speak to that  
For they have all the answers pat!"

. . . . .

A German pundit says, "You're Mongols."  
And your reply: "Of course, we're Mongols,  
The naked seed upon this plain  
Sowed by the golden Tamerlane!"  
Or if some German says: "You're Slavs,  
You'll echo back: "Of course, we're Slavs,  
The ugly graceless progeny  
Of our great ancestors, you see!"

Perceiving such a graceless progeny in the person of Ulas Samchuk, the German convinced him that he was a Mongol, and sent him off to travel through Ukraine.

One beautiful morning in 1942, Ulas Samchuk — with his West European travel gear, camera, stock of notebooks and a bone-handled cane, accompanied by Madame O. T., which stands for Olena Teliha (a poetess with almost no writings to her credit, but, on the other hand, a "friend" of Samchuk, she traveled to Kiev to be "elected" chairman of the Board of the "Ukrainian Writers Union under the Propaganda Department of the City Council") — boarded a German bus in Rovno going east.

It would be unjust, though, to write of Madame Teliha with such general remarks. Anyhow, she has a biography of her own. She was married to an engineer who strummed the *bandura*, but then the instrument lost its charm and she

became "friendly" with Ulas Samchuk. As for her literary merits, Teliha's nationalistic colleagues wrote that she wielded a northwestern style with a "Varangian Oriental idiom." Of course, no one could understand that "idiom" better than Teliha.

One nationalistic critic described Teliha's poetry as "nervous and tense... her world outlook not idealistic but tragic." I completely agree with this description, except for the three dots, which I interpret differently. I think they are related to the following lines:

Toward the morrow, with a deadened gaze  
I pushed aside the incinerated haze  
To find an irreparable breach  
In the earth, the sky and in vast spaces.

An "irreparable breach" — that's what the nationalistic critic failed to understand in Teliha's poetry. This breach caused her nervousness etc., and, as a matter of fact, led her to the tragedy inevitable for any poet who has stopped being useful or desirable to his people.

Meanwhile, I would like to draw the reader's attention to the following lines from Teliha's creations:

Thus, from the early hour of tomorrow the same old song  
The same old life of homeless tramps.

These lines could serve as a rather veracious epigraph to the contemporary history of Ukrain-

ian bourgeois nationalism. But enough of analyzing Teliha's writings. Let the mice take care of them, while we will return to the bus carrying Teliha and Ulas Samchuk from Rovno to Kiev.

Most of their fellow passengers conversed in German which was very much to the liking of our traveling Mongol and made him feel quite at home. True, he sat opposite a German "with a monocle in his left eye," who, as Samchuk writes, "was smoking an awfully thick cigar, like a chunk of bronze," and impudently "puffed" smoke at Samchuk and his "friend." However, that was "absolutely nothing" to them, although Samchuk's "friend" coughed and waved the smoke away with her hand. The Mongol would have silently suffered the German's smoke rings all the way to Kiev were it not for one incident.

As it turned out, one of the passengers was a woman who didn't know that, besides Germans, Ulas Samchuk was riding in the same bus, and she spoke to her neighbor a question in Russian instead of German. The same instant the Mongol got sick, and he started to puke — and he puked out a whole article, simply because he heard a question asked in Russian. A woman who was a complete stranger, perhaps a mother, a wife or sister of someone defending Ukraine from the fascist plague, he contemptuously called a "yokel claiming to belong to the people

of our century." At first sight the "yokel" made his blood boil because she was dressed quite simply, unlike his German neighbors, who "all had quite a decent look." He would have liked it if such "uncouth" men and women were prohibited from using motor transport, and would have been ready to pay double for his ticket if there were a sign on the bus reading: "Muzhiks and workers verboten. Gentlemen only."

A strange paradox, isn't it? The German puffed smoke into Samchuk's eyes with the quiet mien of a butcher who has decided to give a carcass a good curing, and nothing happened — the Mongol kept mum, not even betraying signs of offence. But the woman — who had every reason to come up to Samchuk and spit in the face of this Hitler flunkey, though her inherent culture would probably have restrained her — threw Samchuk into an uncontrollable fury. Why?

The underlying reason can be traced to a rather weak joke. In his article *In the World Of Approximate Values*, published on July 26, 1942, Samchuk relates the story of some oaf who upon seeing a giraffe for the first time in his life gaped at it for a whole hour and then said: "No, that's impossible!" He did not believe in the reality that stood before him, because his mind was unable to comprehend or accept what he saw. Samchuk links himself and his like with this anecdotic type and writes:

"Now, let's take the so-called USSR. Over twenty years the name of this country has kept the whole world agog. For over twenty years we have wasted time and words trying to understand what it is, and always came to the same conclusion: No, it's impossible!"

We cannot accuse the mentally retarded Samchuks of being unable to understand a reality like the USSR. There are still quite a number of wretches abroad who betray psychological quirks and mental deficiency whenever they hear about the Soviet Union. The lessons of history restore some of them to a more or less normal state, but there are also incurable cases. Samchuk appears to be one of them, with the only difference that he not only watches the USSR, but also has his own attitude, feelings and intentions toward it. He writes:

"I take the liberty of knocking once more at the door of this strange, peculiar, unreal but at the same time annoying world (Soviet world — Y. M.), that aches like a dull toothache.

"I say 'once more,' for that is precisely what I mean. For I have knocked at this door more than once... In varying ways, at various times, and with varying thoughts and intentions. And always I had the feeling that I failed to say, or see something, or deeply comprehend something... But the main thing is that ever and always

I had one vivid and furious feeling — hatred. A fierce, almost animal hatred. Hatred of everything — from a Soviet-made toothbrush to Soviet power. It is with this express feeling that I live and breathe."

Now we know what feelings and what mood guided Samchuk when he boarded the bus and embarked on his tour of Ukraine. His rage provoked by a Russian word heard in the bus was only his first fit of hatred.

Meanwhile, the bus had already crossed the River Zbruch and was moving into the heart of Ukraine. Samchuk was only looking at the passing world through the window as yet, but his hatred was fermenting and boiling. "Impregnated with this hatred," he writes in his article *Zvyagel*, "I kept trying to penetrate the very heart of the matter." The first opportunity for such a penetration offered itself during a brief halt in *Zvyagel*. His "friend" went with the Germans to a military casino "to have a bite," while Samchuk — forgetting even the affairs for which she asked his forgiveness in verse

...for those many lips that burned me  
And lured me with the flames of lust —

stood looking around for a source of supply "to drink in some hatred" for an anti-Soviet sketch. Finally he got worked up enough to give vent to this hatred in an article furiously attacking



the rutty roads, the gloomy, grief-stricken people staring sullenly at their masters, and their lack of "elegance."

Reminiscing about his stay in Ukraine during the First World War and the Revolution, he grumbles, and sighs over the past: "How nice it was to look at a Manya or Halya, from Zvyagel or Rovno, wearing starched snow-white aprons..." The dreamy goof and womanizer doesn't want to talk to anyone, he doesn't care that the storms of war have swept across the country and that the people live in poverty under an oppressive occupation regime. That doesn't matter a rap to him. You see, a starched apron — that's what he wants. Swinging his cane, he tags the passers-by — "a greasy pipsqueak", "a baggy mediocrity," an "indifferent lump", and so on.

In Zvyagel new passengers got on the bus, described by Samchuk as follows: "A few crumpled types, men and women, got into the bus. Every one was wearing a watch..." To be more precise, the Germans hadn't had the time to lay their hands on those watches. But Samchuk is far from such thoughts. Envy devours him. How come? He, a gentleman, has a watch and the residents of that "lousy Zvyagel," as he called it, have watches as well. The new passengers also kindle his hatred, because they "don't know how to sit properly or knot their ties," even though they wear watches. Samchuk would have

continued vilifying the Zvyagel residents had he not discovered that their watches were not of foreign make like his Omega. That made him so happy he even wrote an article entitled Omega, in which he praised himself, his watch, and Western Europe, and lampooned the Ukrainians:

"My knowledge of Europe, of its pure and clear-cut elements and of the European with all his views, makes me feel particularly ashamed of my own people who, in place of expressive human faces, more often bear dull, gray blurs."

During his travels in Ukraine Samchuk endeavored all the time to see this "dull, gray blur." In Zhitomir he didn't even get out of the bus. He saw nobody and nothing, he spoke to nobody. For all that, in his article, he abused Zhitomir and its residents at random for anything that hate-intoxicated imagination could suggest.

The Mongol began his acquaintance with Kiev at the *Teatralny* Restaurant. There he met his own kind (Arkadiy Lyubchenko and others of that ilk), people whom he "matured with in the same clime" (nationalistic and fascist, of course — Y. M.). From the restaurant he went to the apartment building where the Soviet Ukrainian writers had lived before the war, and there he roamed like a pig in a vegetable garden. In the former apartments of Rytsky, Tychina, Sosyura, Panch he picked out books for himself, burrowed in the

archives, gathered trophies, behaved like an overbearing looter. He admitted this in the article he wrote after returning to Rovno: "All around me are the things I brought back — books and pictures, collections of verse, stories, novels..."

Although he visited the writers' house, he did not see the writers. As devoted sons of their people, they were at the front, contributing their talents to the struggle against the German fascist invaders. Referring to the writers who left Kiev and became active fighters against fascism, Samchuk is beside himself with rage: "Thinking about it makes me bite my lips till they bleed from disappointment." Samchuk's "friend" Teliha was apparently also biting her lips in anger, for she found herself in a fine mess — chairman of a Writers Union that had no writers. That's exactly how things stood with Teliha.

In his article *Comrade Nina*, Samchuk humiliated the dignity of a woman and human being from the point of view of a pure Aryan. The object of his mockery was Nina Mikolaïvna, in whose apartment he stayed. "Out of pure habit I called her Madame Nina... But there was nothing of the lady about her. From top to toe she was Soviet and that was the real difference between her and the women of Berlin, Paris, Rio de Janerio, etc."

Samchuk took it upon himself to reeducate Nina and make her sail in the same boat with him.

But, as he personally admitted, nothing came of it, for she was "filled with faith to the brim. Of course, it was not a faith in God or some bourgeois superstition. Religion is a well-known opium. The priest is an extortioner, hypocrite and drunkard. The church — a shady concern. She believed in other ideals. Karl Marx, Lenin, the Soviet country, victory over the enemy. And for these ideals she was determined to fight with genuine reverence and devotion. She believed in rising early, hurrying to work, exceeding her production quota.

"Comrade Nina is no fiction... She is a concrete, objective reality... Every one of her words reeks of Marx; for her, the commune makes life easier and more cultured, and all working people are brothers and sisters."

Samchuk did not particularly shine in his dialogue with an ordinary Soviet woman, though he produced facts and examples from the life of Western Europe, suggested she have a look at the bourgeois world, depreciated and abused everything Soviet. Realizing that he wasn't so good in debate, Samchuk called into play the nazi philosophy. He attempted to prove that his opponent was just an inferior. He based his proofs on the quality of her toilet articles. He draws the conclusion that her toothbrush and glass, her perfume and soap "are as unfinished, inferior and worthless as the highly naive and soft-heart-

ed internationalist Comrade Nina and so many other comrades. Inferior people... inferior things... inferior life." Laying out the toilet articles he brought from the West, Samchuk admires them: "What a colossal, striking difference! These things are finished, perfect, admirable."

As a matter of fact, toilet articles were not the main points of argument. Samchuk used them merely by way of example, as an "original" approach to solve more complex problems. In his following article the Mongol revealed his secret thoughts by quoting from his national-fascist prayerbook:

"Ukraine can never exist so long as it is not part of Europe. Not her fertile fields, not her beautiful nature, not any 'happy circumstances,' but Europe only. Oh, how can I explain this? What words can express it? Words that would be understood there in Kiev, on the fields of collective farms, in every soul, in every home. What guns can knock the notion out of the head of an 'Oriental' man that Europe is the 'rotten West'!"

Nothing doing, Mr. Samchuk, your hopes are dashed. There is no room for your ideology in our homes or in our hearts, for it reeks of carrion, misanthropy and treason. And no gun can knock from our hearts our love for Soviet Ukraine and hatred of her enemies. Your vaunted bourgeois Western Europe mercilessly shed the blood

of the Ukrainian people in an attempt to enslave them. As for your advice about either joining Europe or committing suicide, you'd do better to keep that for yourself. You accepted that Europe with all your fascist soul, and now a bankrupt who had to beat it across the ocean, you can take the alternative if it suits you. That's your personal affair. As to your dispute with an ordinary Soviet woman, you proved a mere pygmy compared with her.

The Mongol's visit to Kharkiv and other cities of Left-Bank Ukraine are described in a series of articles under the general heading *In A World Of Decay And Ruin*. In one of these stories, published on September 6, 1942, Samchuk racks his brains over the many difficulties the Germans coming to "reclaim Ukraine" will have to overcome. The Mongol feels sorry for the colonizers who "meet with extreme inconveniences, like, for instance, the absence of clean water closets, of cozy restaurants at railroad stations where one can have beer and leaf through a fresh issue of the *Bersen Kurier*."

The gentleman from Rovno doesn't like Kremenchuk, he defames a certain "Mademoiselle M." — a teacher's daughter and student at the College of Commerce in Kharkiv. He sheds tears over the destruction of a gigantic granary which burnt down along with 39,600 tons of oats, 14,500 tons of rye, 5,500 tons of flour, 5,500 tons of

sugar, 8,000 tons of rice and 1,300 tons of groats. Samchuk is angered because the local residents refused to put out the fire, and the invaders lost valuable products to the tune of 7,907,700 German marks.

In Kharkiv he didn't like the "sidewalks being littered with the hulls of sunflower seeds." One railroad station, though, pleasantly surprised him by its atmosphere, for here "the environment is quite different. The language is human, just like the signs and the laughter. A notice over the entrance says that it is a Red Cross post. It is crowded with soldiers bearing their packs. A young, rosy-cheeked nurse with a Silesian accent fills their flasks with coffee. All the time she is pleasant, smiling, friendly. And so are the soldiers. Everywhere neatness, good humor, gay chitchat. Then they go over to a table marked 'For Germans only' and eat their ham, or canned goods, or buttered bread and Swiss cheese...

"And this lends it all a special uniqueness that has not as yet been noted in the history of this land."

Ulas Samchuk is literally transported with delight describing the occupation setup in Ukraine and lauding the fascist invaders who are plundering and ruining Ukraine and torturing her people. His rage and hostility are aroused only when he meets Soviet people, when he sees the

achievements attained by our people in Soviet times.

Samchuk's articles about his tour of Ukraine stirred up a wave of indignation among the widest sections of the population. People put Samchuk to shame, they condemned him, branded him a scoundrel and hireling. The *Volyn* even published Samchuk's reply to the readers' indignation. But how could Samchuk justify himself?

The German had already called him a Mongol, and that was what counted.

Hitler's inkpot servitor was denounced everywhere. Even in nationalistic circles they said that he laid it on too thick. At that time a *Letter of Havrilo Obruch from Polissya, to Ulas Samchuk* had gained wide circulation. It was filled with indignation over Samchuk's conduct and the publication of his travel "impressions."

The writer of the letter calls Samchuk "Mr. Bow-tie" ("Uncle with the bowtie" — that's what they nicknamed him somewhere near Poltava) and apologizes that he can't give Samchuk best regards and wishes of his wife Horpina.

" 'Let the devil send him his regards, not Christian folk,' she says. 'May he break his neck.'

" 'Woman,' I says, 'don't talk rubbish! This isn't a nobody, but Ulas Samchuk himself in person.' 'Remember,' I says, 'when our boys were reading



his Volhynia, Maria, and Thus It Was — Thus It Will Be?’

“ ‘Twas no use, my missus just went off her head. She suddenly snapped at me, ‘I don’t care a pin for what he ‘was’ or ‘will be’ some day, for I see what he is now — a skunk, antichrist, bootlicker, scalp seller. That’s what your Ulas is.’ ”

The writer of the letter began to shame his wife, saying it wasn’t right to pounce on a man like that and boil with such hatred. Then his wife explained how she felt toward Samchuk:

“ ‘Just you listen what people say, those who brought the newspaper from Zhitomir. What that antichrist scribbled there. The poor girls even cried when they saw how that damned ‘bowtie’ called all of them ‘brainless Ninas’ and bastards. It’s shameful... It’s Samchuk that’s Hitler’s bastard and bootlicker, and a cad. He went over to Hitler on his own. He’s selling out his people, that louse ...’

“Well, I, on my part, fell to thinking... Really, Ulas, why the hell do you stick to all those ‘approximate values’ which you look for on the dunghills around Kiev and Poltava?”

Further on, the writer of the letter condemns Samchuk for his treacherous attitude to the Ukrainian people. He speaks about the anti-popular, anti-national character of Samchuk’s activities

and urges him to come to his senses before it's too late. On behalf of his "missus" he passes on to Samchuk a few words of advice:

"If that vermin — meaning you, Ulas Samchuk — hasn't already forgotten how it 'was' and how it 'will be,' tell him to immediately stop being what he 'is' now (i. e. Hitler's servant — Y. M.). Tell him to stop throwing mud on the people. Tell him not to listen to that damned pagan Hitler, and stop licking the boots of every one of his underlings if he wants to save his cursed soul."

The letter ends with a recommendation that Samchuk listen to reason before it's too late.

However, Samchuk had staked his all. He decided he would be better off on Hitler's side. Back from his tour of Ukraine he was appointed a clerk in the Art Department of the Reichskommissariat for Ukraine. Erich Koch highly appreciated the inkpot servitor's treacherous service to the invaders and his betrayal of Ukraine and the Ukrainian people.

At present Ulas Samchuk resides in Canada, but this time he serves the American imperialists. He serves them with the same devotion as he served Hitler and German fascism.

For you see, he's a Mongoll

## ON A FOREIGN DOORSTEP

When he was a sorry  
blind puppy, he,  
like all creatures,  
was nourished on  
his mother's milk. He

was a greedy thing, a whiner, but his mother fed him generously and kept him warm, hoping he would pull through somehow.

Well, he did pull through, lying around by the cottage, lazily narrowing his eyes against the sunlight and trying to catch a fly. It was his dream to catch a fly.

Later he began barking at wheels. A cart would go by, wheels turning round, while the puppy yelped at them and yapped furiously.

"Shut up, you fool!" the parish priest would shout angrily, for the puppy had "turned up" on the priest's property.

And the puppy would fall silent at once, and come running up to squat down and peer into the priest's eyes, or wag his tail and twist into more remarkable contortions than any other could — even for a lump of sugar.

"Better if he croaked! Whatever will he be like when he grows up?" the priest would say.

And truly, they didn't expect much of him; but bit by bit he grew up and even grew a fine coat of hair. He sharpened his teeth by gnawing bones, and the time came when he learned to

growl. One day he sank his sharp little fangs in the leg of his own mother.

"Oh, you dirty flea-bag you! So that's all the thanks you show for you mother's care and nursing? Now, get out of the yard! Scat, you ungrateful wretch!"

The puppy slunk off with his tail between his legs, and went "to make his own living." Now he would steal something, now fish something out of a garbage heap or pick up leftovers that had been thrown out—so, day after day, he managed to get along.

But a mother's heart is not made of stone. His mother forgave him and let her ungrateful son return, caressed and cared for him, pulling the burrs from his matted coat. Once more he lived a carefree life. The prodigal son gulped down warm food till he was fit to burst, slept in a cozy kennel—you would think he could want no more! Not him, that wasn't his nature.

The autumn rains were long forgotten, winter was over, and the pup grew a new shaggy coat of hair, and caught spring fever. He began forgetting his way home and joined a pack of young wastrels like himself. He would find loopholes to slip into the storehouses of strangers and generally caused people a lot of trouble. But one day he was caught redhanded and, not bothering to inquire who he belonged to, some men gave him such a thorough hiding that the

pup scarcely had strength enough to lick his wounds.

Shame and impotent fury made him run away from his native village. And from then on he lived like a tramp.

Where didn't he go, what didn't he see, what garbage heaps he rumaged in! He began to attract people's attention and was talked about — for he was a self-confident and conceited fellow for all that he was just a tramp. All this talk made him swollen with pride and insolence, and he decided to really show what he could do. Choosing the right moment, he darted out unexpectedly from under a gate and bit a gentleman. Frightened by his own daring, the dog dashed headlong into some bushes, while others, who were perfectly innocent, had to pay for his trick with their own skins, ending up in a knackerery.

One day a foreigner lured him with a bone, and in one bound he was at the man's feet, licking his jackboots and fawning around him with delighted yelps. The foreign gentleman took him into service, hung a numbered tag round his neck, gave him a name and began "training" him. He would call out: "Wo ist mein Hund?" (Where is my Dog? — Germ.). And the mongrel would jump up as if scalded, let out a couple of barks that sounded like "Heil Hitler!", and rush full pelt toward his master. He would

crawl on his belly to his feet, fawn on him, softly whine, and await orders.

Well, this foreign gentleman went to war — to kill people and plunder alien lands — and he took the dog with him. What happy days they were! The dog would race ahead of his master to show the way and warn him of danger; and he kept his master from being disturbed and guarded his life.

The roads of war ran across the land where the priest's blind puppy had first seen the light of day and received care, the land where he had grown up. But the dog forgot all that. He tore open his countrymen's throats, bragged of his bloody paws, and proved no less cruel than his sovereign from a barbarous tribe. For his efforts, he was kindly permitted to go for a walk wearing his dog collar and doing more or less what he wished. This made the dog more proud and arrogant than ever.

One day, while shoeing a horse, his master looked up to see the dog offering him a foot also. Taking it as a personal insult and a display of insufferable impudence, he gave the dog's back such a serious working over that it was a long time before the brazen creature was back on his feet. And he limped from then on.

The war ended badly for both the foreign gentleman and his doggy menial. However, the animal was clever enough to slip across the

border and hide in some bushes, this time in a foreign land. After licking his wounds, the dog found a new patron who would feed him. All he had to do in exchange was to raise a clamor and bark during rallies calling for a new war — the dog would simply howl with rage. He was well fed and patted and praised for his diligence, but all this only awoke his old impudence again. He became fastidious and demanded more than a dog should expect. He finally began to look on his master as an equal, and was most disrespectful.

So then his master swore at him and gave him the boot. And so hard, that the poor animal fell down stairs with lolling tongue — and his legs twitched in his last agony.

\* \* \*

Thus he will die like a cur on a foreign doorstep — die the death of a dog and a traitor.

*Y. Halan*

As the press informs us, Stepan Bandera, leader of the Ukrainian fascists, now "requiescat in pace." His transit to the next world was speeded up by his old friends and masters — the German fascists who are again raising their heads in West Germany. The report from Munich ran that he "was unfortunate enough to fall down stairs in

a highrise apartment building" and died without regaining consciousness.

Fell down stairs... Well, let's presume he fell — but who gave him such a hard push that he never rose again after his fall?

Information from different sources imply that it was nothing less than premeditated murder, and that the Bonn minister Oberländer had a hand in it. The point is that Bandera and his OUN renegades had long served under Oberländer and that Bandera knew too much about this Hitlerite hangman.

Historical documents prove the close collaboration of the Banderites with the Hitlerites in acts of joint villainy against the Ukrainian people. From the great mass of materials that incriminate the OUNites as loyal minions of the Hitlerite butchers and as accomplices in horrible crimes committed on Ukrainian territory, we will give but one example.

Deputy to the Bundestag Paul Lewerkusen, who in his time was a secret agent of the Hitlerite Wehrmacht, testifies in his book *The Wehrmacht Intelligence* that the Nightingale batallion under Oberländer was largely composed of Banderites. The American historian A. Dallin, in his work *German Rule in Russia, 1941—1945*, also writes of the close collaboration of Oberländer with Bandera and of the latter's initiative in carrying out purges and pogroms in Lviv.



One can but imagine what sort of "initiative" this was, and what scale it encompassed, if one takes into account that by the time the German fascist troops arrived, over 310,000 people had already been killed or tortured to death in Lviv and its environs! This is but one more page from the shameful history of bloody Banderism! Thus, we should add these hundreds of thousands who were tortured and killed in Lviv at the will of Bandera and Oberländer when the war started to the many thousands of people who were hanged, shot in ravines, thrown into the deepest wells or else driven with the help of the OUNites to Germany as slaves. Let the people remember that Bandera, hiding behind Oberländer, was the cruel executioner of the Lviv residents!

Lately, Oberländer has found himself in a rather tight corner. The public has got to know about his criminal activities under Hitler, discovered that this fascist jackal, who escaped the noose purely by chance, has pretensions to play a leading role in the Adenauer government, persistently directing its policy along the channels of fascism. But honest people demand that Oberländer be tried as a nazi war criminal.

Oberländer began to bristle like a wolf at bay. And here was Bandera, into the bargain, trying to repair the spokes in the shattered nationalist wheel by confronting him with "Herr Minister, do

you remember the Lviv concentration camp on the Citadel in 1941? Those were the days! And do you remember what orders you issued regarding the prisoners? Eh! When will our Nightingale sing again! I'd join you once more, just as I did then..."

On top of that, Bandera began blackmailing Oberländer. He demanded improved conditions and increases in the sops granted the OUN band: "Loosen your purse strings, don't be a miser! We know each other pretty well, don't we? I'm not talking, and I won't talk, but you give out with the cash. Come on, now!" At first, Oberländer gave Bandera a few bribes to shut his mouth, but finally gave him such a cuff that the latter "fell down stairs" — never to rise again.

"Well, is it true that Bandera gave his last bark?" one villager asked me at a bus terminal while we had a smoke.

"Looks like you've guessed it." I answered.

"He served like a dog all right."

"Exactly, like a dog."

The fascists let Bandera get too close to their "witch's kitchen." He knew too much about their black deeds and plans, about the past of the Hitlerite retainers and of today's revanchist confederates of Adenauer. So they decided to get rid of him. Their hireling had become too obtrusive and demanding, and this irritated his master. So the hireling was done away with.

Bandera was picked up on a foreign doorstep, dug into a hole on foreign soil, while the nationalist rooks cawed over him and flew off to grow fat on selling their services elsewhere.

That's the whole story.

And nobody needs Bandera any more. Only mothers and fathers, only the orphans will call down curses on his head—even though he is dead. Curses for all the bloody, unforgivable crimes he committed against our people in the name of his creed. And the man himself has earned the popular epithet of bloody Bandera!

The traitor will rot in foreign ground, he will pass into oblivion, forgotten by all because he was an enemy of his people, a stranger to his nation.

**P.S. A CUR'S DEATH FOR A CUR!**

This is an old saying among Ukrainians, and it is applicable today, very much to the point.

1959

# CROSSBREED FROM A SHEEPFOLD OVERSEAS

In Boris Hrinchenko's  
Ukrainian  
dictionary *tumy*  
is defined as a  
cross between the  
Spanish or Silesian  
variety and the

common sheep. It is further defined as a derogatory term applied to people as well. Therefore, if a subject exists who doesn't care whether there are a dozen fathers involved, then the *tumy*-bastard will be whelped for sure.

A most ostentatious crossbreed is now being raised among the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, due to their crossbreeding with the German fascists and revanchists as well as American imperialists. There are even special sheepfolds for such crossbreeds, where they are fattened up and let multiply. One such pen in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where a crossbreed of a nationalistic-Catholic variety has been brought together, even has a name of its own — the *Ukrainian News*.

It has been established that boundless greed and irrepressible blatancy are the most typical attributes of this breed. Waking up in the morning, such a *tumy*, on hearing that its master has already breakfasted, begins to bleat most dolefully:

For you I stand knee-deep in muck,  
And chew the straw my masters chuck —

To be left in peace, his master tosses something "over the fence" larding it with a choice greeting such as "You'd have been better off if you'd croaked back in Hitler's time!"

The *tumy* bastards from the *Ukrainian News* have their own telephone number that begins with the letters GA. We could think of worse things, but will limit our imagination to presuming they could stand for "garbage" or "gadabouts." This meaningful code is followed by the number 2—5708.

Their imperialist employers provided them with Parker pens, paper and typewriters and ordered them to put out the newspaper *Ukrainian News*. And the *tumy* work so hard they simply groan over it, but somehow manage to publish the newspaper every Monday — after all, they have to earn their living. Some people may wonder why a Catholic paper like the *Ukrainian News* comes out on Monday and not Sunday. But, you see, on Sunday nobody would bother to read such filth — it would take up too much time. Besides, on Sunday the *tumy* are exceptionally busy. That's when they "send up" prayers for the Pope in Rome and for their imperialist "Mummykins," or stand by the church door and hold out their hats like beggars: "Give us a handout, don't forget us!" But from Monday on, the *tumy* devote themselves to the prosaic business of selling their souls by publishing their shameful *News*.

It may be of interest to know how the *tumy* go about "creating" their nationalistic Ukrainian News and how it rates as a piece of journalism. Oh, in this respect they are extremely original! As a rule, they work together as a team. All these patent impostors, these titled and miserable *tumy* get together and begin wearing each other out, racking their brains to dig up little black lies. After putting all this into professional shape and coming up with some nonsensical opus, the whole noisy crew take it to their guardian.

"Just take a look at this, my dear Pan — beg pardon, mein Herr — excuse us, my dear sir. Look at what we've created! A few more articles like this and the Soviet Union won't last long, we'll surely finish it off. We've dealt it such blows that it's growing quite shaky. A bit more, and it will fall for good. And all due to the hard work of your faithful *tumy*!"

"Go to hell!"

"Certainly, our most precious one, but you wouldn't refuse us a little on account, would you?"

"What do you mean?"

"In Hitler's time, our dear father, we were always given a gift. Well, you understand, *Trinkgeld*,\* just something to grease the wheels a bit."

\* *Trinkgeld* (Ger.) — tip, gratuity.

"Get out! Get out of here, you greedy beggars!"

Of course, some patronizing moneybag gives a few dollars just to get rid of them. Oh, then the *tumy* have a real celebration! They go to a bar to get tanked up. After warming up their patriotism, they unanimously decide "to make" a revolution in Ukraine, and carry it out with success till they reach the point when they have to take power into their hands. That's when all hell breaks loose. When it comes to distributing the portfolios, they come to blows and raise such a racket that the "revolution-drunk" *tumy* are only brought to their senses by a policeman. He threatens to box their ears so hard they'll remember it for a whole year. The *tumy* promise to behave and beg permission to sing. They break into "May You Live Many Years" dedicating the song to their patrons, the policeman and to a button off Petlyura's pants. Then they sing praises to their "Give us-a-Handout" newspaper — that good-for-nothing reptile sheet full of nationalistic lies and sordid vanality.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,  
At the market I made  
Thirty pieces of silver

And my thirst I've allayed.  
It's my profit and loss —  
For the boss it's a prize,  
So drink, *tumy-rascals*,  
You'll soon die like flies.

\* \* \*

The nationalist renegades have fits of rage every time good news is received abroad from the Soviet Union. Every year, hundreds of thousands of foreign tourists visit Ukraine. Ukrainian immigrants in Canada, the United States and other countries come to see their relatives. From their personal observations, by comparing the past and present-day life of our people, they all receive the best of impressions. They return from Ukraine excited and filled with a pure feeling of pride in their countrymen who have won freedom, have a state of their own, and have achieved great successes in the development of industry, agriculture, science and culture. They relate all they have seen to their neighbors and acquaintances, to all those who haven't been so fortunate as to visit Ukraine.

For instance, an American tourist, Daniel Kmita, who left his homeland when it was still enslaved and had listened to and read many nationalistic lies about Ukraine, wrote an article for the Lviv newspaper *Vilna Ukraina* (Free Ukraine — Ed.) after visiting his native village. He writes, in part:

"I could hardly recognize the village, it was so much changed and had grown so big. Many new buildings had appeared. Now there is a maternity home in the village. Has anybody seen anything of the kind here previously? There is a large secondary school with 20 teachers on staff.



But when I left the village, there was only a primary school with two teachers! There were probably only three or four literate persons then, while now everybody in the village is literate. Quite a few of our villagers have diplomas of higher learning, have graduated from colleges and become engineers. My brother's son has graduated from a polytechnic college and is an engineer. I am even more convinced now of how much Soviet power has given to the working people of the Western Ukrainian lands."

By sharing his joy with others, a person increases his own happiness and turns it into a common.

However, the truth about Ukraine does not make everybody happy. It especially irritates the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. Rotting away in their treacherous bog, they pound out lies day after day, saying unbelievable nonsense about Ukraine and the Ukrainian people. While those who have been to Ukraine and say a sincere and true word in her favor the nationalists are ready to drown in a mere spoonful of water or pour molten lead down their throats.

Several years ago a booklet by Vasil Svistun *My Second Tour of Ukraine*, sponsored by the Canadian Society for Cultural Relations with Ukraine, was published in Winnipeg. The author, who was forced to emigrate under the blows of fate, relates in this booklet all that he saw and

heard here and whom he met, what impressions the trip made upon him both as a tourist and a Ukrainian.

"I admit," he writes, "that I was simply fascinated by the phenomenal development of Ukraine during the three years that have elapsed since my first trip (in 1954), by the growth of Ukraine's industry, agriculture, state organization, culture, and living standards. The remarkable pace of this development can mainly be accounted for by the great revolutionary transformations that have taken place in the Soviet Union during those three years."

What Svistun wrote is no exaggeration. It is all a reality fully recognized and of which journalists and tourists write in hundreds of foreign publications, in the press. And every normal American, Frenchman, Canadian, Italian, Indian, Australian, every decent person — no matter where he lives in the world — can say nothing against the impressions and conclusions of Svistun, against the fact that the Ukrainian people have achieved such great successes or that they have grand and attractive prospects for the future.

In the whole world, it is only the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists and, naturally, various imperialists and fascist enemies of our culture, who do not like the bright today of the Ukrainian people. Lacking the slightest idea of what Soviet Ukraine is like and basing their ideas on the sta-

tus of their venality and menial subservience during the times of occupation of the Ukrainian lands by the Austro-Hungarian and Polish gentry and by the German fascist oppressors, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists impudently try to attract attention to themselves as if they also represent the Ukrainian people. Unfortunately, these voluntary menials draw closer to the enemies of Ukraine and cast vicious glances our way to see if it is possible to do more harm than they have already done to the Ukrainian people.

Describing the bourgeois nationalist rogues as "patent patriots," Svistun writes that "they are blind, deaf and dumb to all achievements of the Ukrainian people in Ukraine! The only thing they would like to see in Ukraine is a decline in prosperity, poverty, shortcomings, defects and shortages." Svistun writes the truth. And this truth sears the eyes of nationalists and they set up a howl.

"How many readers with even a grain of common sense would believe such nonsense? Is there a Ukrainian anywhere," they scream, "who would wish any bad fortune to the Ukrainian people?"

Honestly, it's somehow hard to digest that a son would like to set fire to his mother's house, or that brother would knife his own brother, that any Ukrainian would wish trouble to fall on the heads of the Ukrainian people, though such things

do occasionally occur in families, in a nation. It is not worth while reproaching Svistun, because it is not his fault that the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists tortured Ukrainians, shed their blood and put the Ukrainian lands to the flames, and betrayed and committed crimes against the Ukrainian people. But the nationalistic pharisees appeal in vain to the conscience of their readers in the hope that they have short memories. In particular, readers who have not lost their common sense and would therefore turn away in disgust from these dishonorable clowns who pretend to be innocent orphans.

The shameful mission of spreading defamation about Ukraine is known to have been adopted by journalistic imperialist hangers-on from the specially forged *Voice of Ukraine*, by the false *Ukrainian News* as well by other screaming pen-pushers of other nationalistic newspapers. Naturally, they could not remain silent when Svistun's book came out, so they started to ring their cracked bell. Using the tactics of a deaf man who, failing to hear something, makes up his own version, the nationalistic press began to hand out to their readers the devil knows what kind of nonsense.

Maybe a hangover or a stomach ache prompted a certain Mr. M. S--k of Toronto to spring into print in Edmonton's *Ukrainian News*. Oh you silly asses, holy in your utter stupidity — patrons

of nationalistic liars — if you could only read the writing in Ukrainian by S--k of Toronto you would not only laugh till you cried, but immediately summon your committee and decide to accept the above-mentioned author into your circle as a life member. Indeed, there is every reason for this.

"Why do people in Canada continue to send parcels to their relatives?" S--k ponderously asks in the *Ukrainian News*. And, mimicking like a clown, supplies the answer: "Those who have eyes see and cannot help but see, those who have ears hear and cannot help but hear, that Ukraine is an oppressed country, that the Ukrainian people live a hard and miserable life. That is why we in Canada help our brothers out."

And you, Ukrainian people, do you see what kind of "friends" they declare themselves to be? They hang around foreign quarters but "grieve" for your fate, strive to slander you and cast a slur upon you before the whole world. How many times have these nationalistic "benefactors" tried to lull your vigilance to catch you by the throat with a treacherous hand and make you bend your back under a foreign yoke, to mock you, to trample your love of freedom, your honor and glory? When you began to build the Ukrainian Soviet state on the ruins of the czarist autocracy overthrown by the Great October Socialist Revolution, you were assaulted as if by mad wolves not only by German, Polish, French,

English and American aggressors but also by the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. They were friendly even with the czarist generals, were ready for foreign intervention, ready for the revival of czarism if only to make it impossible for the people to take power and to become the masters of their destiny.

Copying the expression from the *Ukrainian News*, we would put it a bit different: "Those who had eyes saw and could not help but see; those who had ears heard and could not help but hear" what the bourgeois nationalists were up to in Ukraine during World War II. Fawning like faithful dogs around the legs of the German fascists, hounded by their master and from their own desire to curry favor with him, they tried their fangs on the body of Ukraine who was exhausted in the struggle against the enemy. Their path through Ukraine was lined by many a gallows, by corpses and charred ruins. They helped the invaders plunder Ukraine and counseled them how best to do it. When the German fascists needed slave labor, the nationalists, recalling the methods of the janizaries in the calamitous times of the Tatar-Turkish invasions of Ukraine, wasted no time in rounding up the live booty and organized slave markets and the abominable route of slave trade running from Ukraine to Germany. They tore through Ukraine like blood-thirsty werewolves so that the land ran with

blood; they filled wells with corpses, and raged no less than the Hitlerites. During World War II the treacherous tribe of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists revealed with particular clarity what it was up to, openly showing its fierce hostility to the Ukrainian people. It is no wonder, when the Soviet peoples came together as a united Herculean force and struck out at fascism putting it to rout, that the bourgeois nationalists took to their heels so fast that they even left their shoes behind. And some, for instance the *tumy* from the *Ukrainian News*, only looked back when they were safely across the ocean.

Yet today they take an interest in us again. Living like beggars on the handouts they receive from the imperialists, they pose as "fighters" for the Ukrainian people. You try in vain, Messrs. Bankrupts! The Ukrainian people fought without your help to win their Ukrainian state and introduced a system that suited them best. And if the itch to fight has really come over you, you had better fight for your own liberation from the imperialist dog collar. To begin with, for example, send a petition to the US Congress to say that you categorically and forever refuse to take the bribes offered you as national traitors, declare that you will no longer be their accessible prostitutes, that you have stopped providing sacrificial victims for use as spies, saboteurs and liars, and that you will stop coming out against the Soviet

Union as an independent force. This would be truly chivalrous of you! Otherwise, what kind of knights are you, if you wear dog collars and are kept on the leash?

The Ukrainian people have won world-wide fame. Ukraine is one of the mightiest states in Europe, making a feasible contribution to help the backward and developing countries in their struggle for freedom and independence. People of all continents remember with gratitude Ukraine's sincere and disinterested aid, while the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists grind out on their street-organs that they are saving us by sending parcels. What shameless impudence! As if a mere hundred, or even a few hundred parcels arriving from Canada in a country with a population of 42,000,000 could be regarded as assistance or salvation. Such a self-centered mentality is quite natural for the bourgeois nationalists, for they live on handouts themselves. But normal people can easily estimate the level of the nationionalists' mental horizon. Since olden times in Ukraine the giving of presents has been traditional practice — from mother to daughter, sister to brother, grandfather to grandson, father-in-law to daughter-in-law. People always gave and continue to give presents, and not only from distant parts but from neighboring villages or outlying parts of the same village. Just as they bring back home presents from a fair. Besides,



after the war that raged through Ukraine, many families had no news of their near and dear ones for years. And a son, who once left for Canada in search of a living, at long last learns that his mother and sister are alive though they don't live any more in the family home which the nationalists burned down during the occupation, after they had tortured his brother to death for refusing to serve the fascists. The son finds out that they live in another village after his sister got married. And like a swallow to its nest, a letter for mother flies to the new address and the son sends presents to his mother, sister and nephews. For the son is a decent, honest man who doesn't forget the traditions of his countrymen. It never occurs to him that his parcel may be looked upon as anything more than a simple present, or that some political strings may be attached to it. But the nationalistic *tumy* try to build a political fortune upon even feelings of kinship. How shameful, disgraceful!

The nationalistic *tumy* are angry with us for acting far too naturally, for failing to be tactful enough and calling a spade a spade, for telling the people the truth and using sharp language in our speeches criticizing the nationalists. You see, they would even meet us half way on many questions if only, for instance, we "left in peace" Hetman Mazepa and did not call him traitor. True, Mazepa should not have been directly called a

traitor — Ober-traitor would have been more correct. But this the nationalists would have liked even less. Well, but what else can you call him? The nationalists assert that in allegedly "branding" Mazepa a traitor we are only fulfilling the "will of Moscow," and that we toady to the Russians. But let us ask our opponents, why do we need to make such advances? The friendship between the Ukrainian and Russian peoples is not only old, strong and sincere, but from the times of the October Socialist Revolution it has been based on the revolutionary and inter-national principles of equal rights which call for neither subordination nor superiority, neither for the bended knee nor overlordship. In the fraternal family of the Soviet peoples there is no favoritism or discrimination, and the Ukrainian people stand on an equal footing with all the rest of the Soviet nations.

It is understandable that by betraying the Russians and taking the side of Charles XII and his Polish gentry collaborators, Mazepa shamefully broke the decisions of the historic Pereyaslav Rada (Council) which expressed the free will of all the Ukrainian people — so he wholly deserves to be branded traitor. But Mazepa's guilt does not lie only in this. Putting it frankly, the czarist throne had hardly ever known such a faithful toady as Mazepa before who, for the sake of personal profit, was ready to sacrifice Ukraine

for a mere song. For the blood which was shed in Ukraine, for the false denunciations and axed heads, for the hard-labor punishments and torment of Semen and Paliy and many thousands of his kind who were true sons of their nation, Mazepa received land, villages, and expensive royal gifts. For the harm he wrought upon the Ukrainian people, he was awarded the Order of St. Andrew the First-Called. Notably, before Mazepa, only the Czar and Prince Golovin were awarded this order. Thus, for him, this was not just an offhand reward but a commendation for very exceptional service.

How many Cossacks and toilers died because of the will of Mazepa in the interests of the Polish crown and the Polish gentry. While devastation swept Ukraine, new graves were dug, widows and orphans mourned, but Mazepa brought to his residence in the town of Baturin royal gifts and boasted of the Order of the White Eagle given him by the Polish King.

Later, for the sake of Princess Dolska's skirt, Mazepa sold himself to the Swedes, and conspired with the Jesuits and the Polish gentry. No sooner did he receive his advance payment from Charles XII, Mazepa had to flee Ukraine as fast as possible. The people renounced that would-be Moses who betrayed them — and cursed him for all time to come. Even one of the Western historians writes that "all the Ukrainian people re-

nounced him." There is no need of any philosophizing on the matter because, as the saying goes: A gentleman is known by his manners. The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists strive to turn Mazepa into a saint, make him their prophet and king. Let them do what they wish, it doesn't bother us, for everybody is already well aware that once the nationalists boast of something it is sure to be filth. For us, Mazepa was and is a traitor, a scoundrel and an evil enemy of the Ukrainian people.

As people say: what the bull gets used to, he lows for. It's the same with the Ukrainian nationalists. What bothers them most is that Ukrainians live with Russians in friendship and fraternity, and there has long been no disagreements between them. Such a situation doesn't at all suit the nationalists, for, if it weren't for this friendship and brotherly aid from the Russians, the nationalists would have been able to sell out Ukraine to foreign merchants. This could have happened after the First World War. It could have happened even during the Hitlerite invasion, but it did not: in those grim and severe times for the Ukrainian people, the mighty Russian people came to their aid. After all, the terrible ordeals which the Russian and Ukrainian peoples endured together is not like simply sitting out a shower. And that is why our unity is so strong and unbreakable.

As a matter of fact, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists are not against maintaining relations with the Russians, but only with those Russians who are their equals so far as treason, venality or corruptness is concerned, that is, with reactionaries, spies, and saboteurs from the White Guard emigré swamp. In April 1953, four spies were caught in Ukraine: Lakhno, Makov, Gorbunov and Remiha, who had finished a German spy school in Frankfurt, and were infiltrated into Ukrainian territory by American Intelligence with the mission of killing people, carrying out acts of espionage, terror and sabotage, and generally bringing harm to the Ukrainian people. This group of spies was composed of Russian and Ukrainian traitors to their peoples, and such a union, such "friendship" did not arouse the anger of any of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. On the contrary, they boasted of it — God grant, they said, more of the like! But the unity between Ukrainians and Russians in their struggle for the good of their people, for their bright future — this, for the nationalists, is a cut of a sharp razor, a blow to the heart, salt on a wound, a poisonous snakebite, a fatal convulsion: quite enough to make one's eyes pop out of their sockets!

The nationalists approved of the violation of the Soviet airspace by an American aircraft. Afraid of their stocks losing value on the American spy market, they say that espionage should

be continued and promoted over Ukrainian territory. Analyzing Powers' reconnaissance flight, they reproach him for one thing: the pilot, they say, forgot that Soviet soldiers, as the last war showed, are very good shots. If Powers had kept this in mind and had looped and flown zigzag instead of following his preset course, if he had waggled his rudder more like a cow in the hot summer chasing away flies, he would have got away with it. But don't worry, he couldn't have. Even if the plane had had a tail made of the flexible Ukrainian nationalistic lying tongues, it would have helped in the least. Remember once and for all, that no zigzags will help any enemy, planning evil against our people, to evade severe punishment.

Leavened by the yeast of reactionary dope, the *Ukrainian News* bubbles over with different "sympathies" and "advice" for the Ukrainian people. Look, they say, how much we care, how anxious we are about you. Why, for instance, they ask, has Ukraine no army of its own? We advise you to build your own Ukrainian army.

"But why do we need our own army?" any Ukrainian you meet by chance would ask. Wasn't it enough that Ukraine's enemies were destroyed by the Soviet Army which also included the sons of the Ukrainian people? If you don't trust the generals and armies of czarism, of the Polish gentry, of German fascism and others of the like who

were beaten in Ukraine, then go ask the chaplain of the janizaries of the SS Division Halichina, Vasil Laba, who often writes for the *Ukrainian News*, and he will tell you how the traitors of Ukraine were smashed by Ukrainian soldiers fighting jointly with other soldiers of the Soviet Army.

It is neither the Ukrainian people nor a Ukrainian army that you are anxious about, you nationalistic sly hounds! You want the military might of Ukraine weakened, and that's why you raise a fuss over a separate army. The security of Ukraine is now guarded by the entire Soviet Army, and that means all your treacherous hopes can be "written off as a loss." For us, this question is plain, and will remain so in accordance with the will of the people.

The Soviet Army completely satisfies the Ukrainian people. It has defended their freedom, destroyed fascism, and guards their peaceful labor against imperialist aggressors to whom you have sold yourselves. The Soviet Army is a friendly, fraternal and multinational army, and it brings up the Ukrainian youth to be heroes like Philip Poplavsky and Anatoly Kruchkovsky who, together with their friends, the Russian Ivan Fedotov and the Tatar Askhat Ziganshin, faced the stormy elements of the ocean and surprised the whole world with their feat.

As regards the chivalrous, fighting traditions of the Ukrainian people (your relationship with

these is, of course, the very smallest, for you are the personification of the lowest treachery, betrayal and desertion), we do not forget them and successfully develop them. In the Soviet Army, one finds scores of Ukrainians who are talented military leaders, marshals, generals, admirals, officers, and sergeants. In military academies and schools in the Soviet Army, they study military history beginning from the times of Kievan Rus, i. e. from the 9th century. They study the organization of the armed forces, battle formations and military operations of the Ukrainian Princes and generals, of the Zaporozhian Sich, the glorious liberation war under Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the operations of Russian and Ukrainian troops at the Battle of Poltava against Ukraine's evil enemies — Charles XII and his treacherous underling Hetman Mazepa.

The writers of Lviv frequently speak at literary soirees held in military units. We writers speak Ukrainian and Ukrainian soldiers ask us questions in their native tongue; others question us in Russian, and nobody complains — sincere and fraternal friendship rules. Recently, we Lviv writers spoke to Leningrad audiences and we also visited military units there. We also used the Ukrainian tongue and witnessed the strong friendship existing in the fraternal military family of Ukrainian and Russian soldiers, sailors and officers. In



military libraries and barracks, we saw works by Taras Shevchenko, Ivan Franko, Lesya Ukraïnka, Mikhaïlo Kotsyubinsky and many other Ukrainian writers, not only of yesterday but also of today. We listened to Ukrainian songs sung in a chorus by Ukrainian, Russian, Georgian, Moldavian, Byelorussian and Armenian soldiers. Quite a number of Ukrainians are commanders of military districts and units. During military parades Ukrainian marches are played. And after all this, what better army could Ukrainians wish for?

"Refuting" irrefutable and undeniable facts about the tremendous development of Ukrainian culture in Soviet times, this certain S--k in the *Ukrainian News* seems especially fastidious in his "analysis" about the publishing activities in Ukraine. I admit that I was rather worried over the problem, because, judging by the list of titles and the number of published copies of books by Ukrainian authors the *Ukrainian News* presented, there appeared an unattractive picture. Incidentally, this anonymous representative of the *tumy* breed asserted that a mere 30,000 copies of Shevchenko's *Kobzar* was put out by the *Derzhlitvidav* (State Literary Publishing House — Ed.) and only 15,000 copies of Mikhaïlo Stelmakh's novel *People's Blood Is Not Water* were published. I was greatly astonished at these figures, but remembered that the newspaper is na-

tionalistic and the nationalists are lying hacks — so I decided to check up for my own satisfaction. I sent out enquiries to the corresponding establishments and officials, and soon I received replies. The director of the UkrSSR Book Chamber informed me that Shevchenko's *Kobzar* was published in Ukraine in 51 editions in a total of 1,786,000 copies, including 48 editions in Ukrainian, totalling 1,763,000 copies. The director of Derzhlitvidav informed me that Shevchenko's *Kobzar* is published almost every year. For example, the edition of the *Kobzar* referred to in the *Ukrainian News* totalled 100,000 copies. And this was in 1960 alone, and only by one of the publishing houses. In 1961 Derzhlitvidav issued 400,000 copies of Shevchenko's *Kobzar*.

As you see, the nationalists try to lie, sowing disbelief and suspicion about Ukraine among the emigrants.

Mikhailo Stelmakh also sent me an answer. It turns out that the novel *People's Blood Is Not Water* was put out in Kiev in two editions of 65,000 copies each — this, apart from it being printed in the *Zhovten* magazine which then had a circulation of 15,300 copies. All these figures are larger than those given by the nationalistic statisticians. At present another edition of the novel is under preparation. In the Russian Federation it was also published in two editions total-

ling 165,000 copies. It was also printed in the *Roman Gazeta* magazine in a circulation of 500,000 copies. And yet another edition of 75,000 copies will be coming out in Moscow. A large number of copies of the novel were printed in the Czech, Slovak, Rumanian, Bulgarian, German, Chinese, Finnish, Lithuanian and Polish languages; and in the *Soviet Literature* magazine it appeared in English, French, German and Spanish.

So there's the truth for you — an objective picture of the publication of Ukrainian literature (two examples only) and its popularity. This is a typical everyday example of the nonsense and lies the nationalistic newspapers and journalists resort to.

Another thing that touched me was the way the nationalists worry about the "decrease in circulation of certain magazines." Taking the circulation of *Vitchizna* (Homeland) for 1958, which stood at 21,000 copies, and comparing it with the 1959 figure of 17,000 and comparing the circulation of *Zhovten* for 1958 (15,300 copies) with the No. 9 issues of 1959 with a circulation of 10,500 copies, the nationalists draw the conclusion (and here again they ply a big lie) that there is a decline of the "Ukrainian spirit" in Ukraine's literary periodicals. Isn't this a bit too hasty and irresponsible a conclusion to come to? And what will the nationalists have to say now, when the

circulations of our magazines have begun shooting up. Today, *Vitchizna* is published in a circulation of 17,000 and *Zhovten* in 11,000 copies \*. And the nationalists know perfectly well what these circulations mean, because for them a "golden" circulation would be somewhere between 1,000 and 2,000. A magazine or newspaper cannot be forced upon the Soviet reader, for he is rather exacting about his reading matter. The number of subscribers to a magazine depends on its contents and artistic level and on the interest and esthetic pleasure it has for the reader. We work with this aim in mind — the satisfaction of the spiritual demands of the reader — and this determines the circulation of our publications. If the nationalists want to help us raise the circulation, they are welcome — nobody has any objections. We, for example are ready to print 5,000 (or as many as are desired) additional copies of *Zhovten* every month for abroad, if only they reach the people! But that's precisely where the trouble lies. The Ukrainian nationalistic screechers abroad prevent our publications from reaching the emigrant masses because they are afraid of the truth we print. Subscribing for only one copy each of our magazines for their "archives," they

\* In 1973, the circulation of *Vitchizna* was 25,000 copies, and of *Zhovten* 16,000.

only hunt through them in search of certain quotations to pervert the reality, to make nonsensical conclusions about the horrors and fears in Ukraine, to stuff their readers with lies, to arouse dread, cautiousness and distrust in everything coming from Ukraine.

It is interesting to know how the publishing and journalistic affairs are managed in America which the nationalists praise to the skies. The well-known American author Erskine Caldwell testifies that book publishing is too expensive in America and the younger generation of writers has not created anything of value, more or less. The famous publishers, according to Caldwell, do not release books by young authors until they make a name for themselves, and this doubtlessly puts a brake on the development of literature. As to literary periodicals, Caldwell says that in America there are no large, regularly published literary magazines. There are a certain number of small publications, but they do not stay in business long because they cannot make out financially. Caldwell further admits that Soviet readers are the best readers in the world. And surely an American writer ought to know the literary and cultural scene in his own country better than such nationalistic tramps as S---k. Americans don't need such "interpreters" of their way of life as the Ukrainian bourgeois na-

tionalistic. Nonetheless, they push in like stubborn donkeys, either inside the American "fence," praising it to the skies, or upon our Soviet vegetable garden reviling it with all their might and main.

Besides, the nationalists complain that allegedly in Ukraine court proceedings are conducted in Russian, and even the sentences in the courts are recorded in Russian. Don't worry, gentlemen, in our courts order is carried out in the Ukrainian revolutionary way. Sentences are recorded in Ukrainian and carried out as provided by the law which protects the security and well-being of the Ukrainian people.

As for you, your sentences have also been pronounced in the Ukrainian language (so you have nothing to complain about) and have been approved by the entire people who called you traitors, mercenaries, enemies. These popular definitions have gone down in history in which you are portrayed as an ulcerous outgrowth on the body of the great and healthy Ukrainian nation.

\* \* \*

And so it will come to pass: one day when the nationalist *tumy* gather for morning "mass," the orb of imperialism will not rise above their horizon. Their desired sun will not rise, nor shine upon their sheepfold nor warm them. Then zero hour will come for the nationalist *tumy*. In some deserted place a hole will be dug for them and covered with earth. Nobody will sing a funeral hymn in their honor, and their very offspring will shun the Ukrainian language.

1960

**ЮРИЙ СТЕПАНОВИЧ  
МЕЛЬНИЧУК**

**ОТРОДЪЕ ИУДЫ**

**Памфлеты**

**(На английском языке)**

**Издательство «Дніпро»,**

**Редактор В. С. Ружицький**

**Художник Є. І. Муштенко**

**Художній редактор В. С. Мітченко**

**Технічні редактори Л. М. Грицишин,  
Л. І. Ільченко**

**Коректор Л. В. Соколова**



Інформ. бланк № 765

Здано на виробництво 14.03.78.

Підписано до друку 18.07.78.

Формат 70 × 90<sup>1</sup>/<sub>32</sub>.

Папір друкарський № 2.

Друк високий.

Умовн. друк. арк. 3,51.

Обліково-видавн. арк. 3,305.

Зам. № 8—756. Тираж 3000.

Ціна 35 коп.

Видавництво «Дніпро»

252601, Київ — МСП,

Володимирська, 42.

Головне підприємство

республіканського виробничого

об'єднання «Поліграфкнига»

Держкомвидаву УРСР,

252057, Київ-57, Довженка, 3.

35 коп.